LIBRARY OF
MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

BOOKS BOUND BY US ARE
BOUND
BY
CHAS. W. PRUFER
STAUNTON
VA.
BOUND TO SATISFY

LIBRARY OF
MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

The Annual

= of =

The Mary Baldwin Seminary.

Staunton, Virginia,

May, 1896.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/marybaldwinsemin1896mary

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Judith . . . . . 1 - 3
The Influence of Byron's Life Upon His Works . . . 3 - 7
The Colonial Period in Virginia . . . . . 7 - 13
Camping-Out Adventures . . . . . 13 - 17
A Dream of Wise Men . . . . . 17 - 21
In China . . . . . 21 - 26
Mardi Gras In the Crescent City . . . . . 26 - 28
Cotton Raising In Louisiana . . . . . 28 - 29
Scene In a Dentist's Office . . . . . 30 - 31
From Harvest Season . . . . . 32 - 33
The Mystery of Spring . . . . . 33 - 34
Das Lied Von Der Glocke . . . . . 35 - 37
Ein Verlobungsring . . . . . 37 - 40
Études Sur Chateaubriand . . . . . 41 - 49
Les Roses Rouges . . . . . 46 - 48
Editorial 49
News From Old Girls . . . . . 50 - 53
Rhyme and Reason . . . . . 53 - 54
Familiar Quotations 55
Results of an Actual Vote 55

THE ANNUAL

— OF —

The Mary Baldwin Seminary.

VOL. VI. STAUNTON, VA., MAY, 1896. NO. 1.

JUDITH.

Of all the wealth of poems which we have received from our old Anglo-Saxon forefathers, not one has given us a higher or a truer idea of the poetic powers of our ancestors than this noble fragment, Judith.

And, in scanning its pages, we find that the one thing in it which attracts us most strongly, is not the polish and brilliancy of its language and metre, nor its well-rounded plot, nor its dramatic interest, but the charming way in which its author has displayed his own thoughts aud feelings, and has given us glimpses of his own heart-life, as he recounts the incidents of this old Apocryphal narrative.

As Mr. Taine expresses it : "Power in spiritual productions arises only from the sincerity of personal and original sentiment." And if our old Anglo-Saxon forefathers could relate religious tragedies, it was that their very souls were tragic, that their very souls were religious, and "in a degree, biblical." Like the old prophets of Israel, they introduce into their verses their fierce vehemence, their murderous hatreds, their fanaticism, and "all the shudderings of their flesh and blood." And like the old Hebrew prophets they were also "in the simplicity and energy of their conception of the Deity."

It fills their whole heart with love and admiration. They are incapable of explaining or restraining their passion, which breaks forth in raptures at the vision of the Almighty.

All this enthusiasm and vehemence breaths forth in every line of Judith. None but one of those old Anglo-Saxon barbarians could have set forth in so strong a light, excesses, tumult, murder, and combat. Take, for example, those vigorous lines in the latter part of the poem, in which the poet exults over the tragic fate of the tyrant, Holofernes :

"Backward his spirit turned, under the abyss, and there was plunged below, with sulphur fastened, forever afterwards to be wounded by worms. Bound in torments, entwined with serpents, hard imprisoned in hell fire he burns, after his death.

Nor need he hope, with darkness overwhelmed, that he may escape from that mansion of worms, but there he shall remain forever and ever, without end, in that dark house, free from the joys of hope." Has any one ever heard a more triumphant expression of perfectly satisfied hate?

Then glance down a few lines, and see how their old warlike enthusiasm bursts into flame, when the glory of the Hebrew war is recounted :

"The force approached the Hebrew people, they fought furiously with their hard weapons, they avenged fiercely, with their bloody swords, their old quarrel, their ancient grudge. The glory of the Assyrians was destroyed on that day, their pride abased."

As for their love of the Creator, it breathes forth in every line of the poem. The poet has shown with all of a barbarian's vigor, the grandeur and intensity of feeling with which the men of his time entered into their new religion. The language of these old poets is always vigorous and sublime. In no poems in any language can there be found more matchless imagery than in these old Anglo-Saxon relics. In their verses, arrows are not simply arrows, but "serpents of hell, shot from bows of horn." Ships are "great sea-steeds." The sea is "a chalice of waves," the helmet is "the castle of the head." The poets have not satisfied their inner emotion if it is only expressed by a single word. Time after time they return to and repeat their idea, "The sun on high, the great

star, God's brilliant candle, the noble creature." Here four times successively they employ the same thought, and each time under a new aspect. But it is when speaking of God that their verses attain to the highest degree of grandeur and sublimity. They think of God in a series of short, accumulated passionate images, like a succession of lightning flashes.

So it is in Judith. Whenever the poet speaks of the Lord it is with a profusion of poetic names: "The Guardian of the Heavens, the Shepherd of Majesty, the Bestower of Glory, the All-powerful Judge," and many more. Every time he thinks of God he sees him with his mind, like a quick, luminous vision, and each time under a new aspect.

Someone has said that the first and most sincere hymn was the one brief word, "O." Theirs were hardly longer. "They only repeated time after time, some deep, passionate word, with monotonous vehemency," and, in reading the poem, we find no less than twenty-five of these deep, passionate words, "each one, as we have seen a warm, fervent hymn in praise of the Creator, and each one giving evidence of the heartfelt love and adoration, with which their strong, barbarian hearts were filled." NANNIE W. MCFARLAND.

THE INFLUENCE OF BYRON'S LIFE UPON HIS WORKS.

It has been said that perhaps the work of no poet has been so greatly influenced by his life as that of Byron; and when we are familiar with his character and with the vicissitudes of his life we can readily appreciate this assertion.

The Byron family was an old and honorable one, the nobility dating from the time of Charles I., who had held a certain Byron in high favor, and who had created him Baron, not only for his faithful services to his country and his king, but for the merit of his personal character. However, long before they were a titled family there are meritorious records of many Byrons showing that they were always not only good men but

brave men. Later on we have records of seven Byron brothers all on the field at one time fighting for their country. However. Byron's immediate inheritance was far from being honorable, The grand-uncle, from whom he had received his title, was an erratic, misanthropic old man with a "blackened record," having been brought up before the House of Lords for the murder of a cousin. His father was a drunken, reckless, scape-grace, who squandered his wife's fortune and then left her. His mother, a woman of small intellect, had a violent temper and was subject to frequent outbreaks which amounted almost to insanity. Though Byron had ancestors from whom he inherited the best of traits, he was compelled to feel the effect of his bad blood.

His mother's influence over him was indeed harmful; her treatment was capricious and contradictory. At one moment she would lavish upon him passionate caresses and praise the beauty of his eyes, and at the next moment she would cast him from her as a "lame brat." It was she who could arouse most frequently and to the highest degree, all that was "bad" in him. His temper in childhood was sullen, stubborn and revolting. He would fall into "silent rages," and upon one occasion when his nurse reproved him for soiling his frock, he seized the frock, tore it from top to bottom and then stood defiant. This was due to the example of his mother who, it is said, would often give vent to her rage by tearing up pocket-handkerchiefs. However, we have proof of how susceptible he was to kind and gentle treatment. His nurse, who was a very good woman and to whom he was devoted, tell us that Byron when kindly treated exhibited sweetness and docility of spirit, his manners, she adds, were winning and attractive. From the earliest period he had shown an intense and passionately affectionate nature, his heart responding readily to any display of affection, and he tells us that he was really desperately in love when eight years old. When he grew older he felt his mother's short comings very severely, and upon one occasion, when a quarrel between them had been unusually violent, some one said to him. "Byron, your mother is a fool." He replied bitterly, "I know it." Though he led a very wild and dissipated life while at school, he was a great favorite among his school-

mates. He formed many warm friendships and much to his credit these friendships were never forgotten. He was considered a very brave boy, "always more ready to give a blow than to take one," and he never failed to take the part of the "weaker boy" in the various controversies of school life.

As he grew older his mother's influence still continued to affect him, and was developing in him a bitterness, a rebelliousness, and a misanthropy which found outlet in "moody fits." However, this was not his only trouble; he had other difficulties to contend with, and chief among them was his poverty. His income was very small, and the estate which he had inherited was seriously encumbered. Thus he was constantly being placed in some embarrassing position the circumstances of which he could not control. Perhaps much of the moodiness and gloominess which characterizes him at this period can be attributed to this poverty. It was a great blow to his pride that he could not live as he thought the dignity of his position demanded. He had very rigid ideas of "birth" and though all through his life his views were liberal, he proudly held himself distinct from the people.

The next year after he had domiciled himself at Newstead, he made his first trip upon the Continent. The account of his departure from his native land is very pathetic. He was feeling very desolate and depressed; in his literary attempts, in his love affairs and in many other ways, he had met bitter disappointments. The preparations for his journey were looked upon with indifference by most of those whom he thought his friends. He says that on the day of his departure he chanced to meet one of his old school fellows to whom he had been very much attached during his school days. Upon being asked to come and sit awhile with him to indulge in a farewell chat, the friend excused himself on the plea of an engagement to go shopping with some ladies. One can imagine the bitterness and indignation with which he records this, adding that, with one or two exceptions, he believed his mother to be the only person who cared a whit as to his fate. After two years he returned to England bringing with him the first two Cantos of his "Childe Harold." The story of its success is known to all. Byron himself tells us that he "awoke one morning to find himself fa-

mous." Byronism became the rage, the new idol was petted, spoiled and humored. Even the wild and dissipated life into which he plunged at this time was considered interesting, and all the world admired and endeavored to imitate the "haughty and reserved bearing" which characterized him. That much of this reserve and haughtiness was affected we learn from Mr. Moore, who tells us that Byron was intensely shy by nature and that he jealously concealed this timidity by assuming a haughty and distant manner; for his pride could not tolerate that he should exhibit timidity before these fashionable people whom he neither cared for nor respected.

Three years after his return to England he married, and the real trouble of his life began. After one short year came the separation from his wife, and the world turned upon him and cast him aside with a violence and a suddenness almost incredible; he was lampooned, ridiculed and hissed. His pride had received a deadly blow, and filled with mingled feelings of indignation, bitterness and remorse, after a month he fled from his country never to return. Though we know that much of his life abroad was reckless and uncreditably spent, in the last few months of his life he displayed a brave and self-sacrificing spirit in entering into the struggles of the Greeks.

This is a brief outline of Byron's life, one of the saddest and most interesting in history. Strongly impulsive, unhappy and consumed with a desire for affection and sympathy, his feelings must have an outlet, and as he was a poet he found expression in his poetry. It seems to have been the dark side of his life that characterizes his poetry much more than the lighter side. Hence he revels in painting the grand and gloomy side of nature, the lofty mountains, the storms, the ruin, all of these form the theme for his grandest descriptions, as the moonlight scene of the Coliseum so gloriously described in his Manfred, the shipwreck in Don Juan, the description of the storms and mountains in Childe Harold. In all of his heroes we recognize the same predominant traits, they are all the same grand, gloomy characters, men of intense passions with a wonderous capacity for love, yet separated from the world and human companionship by trouble which has embittered them. Such men are Manfred, Conrad, Lara, and Childe Harold, dif-

fering from one another only from the fact that they are presented under different circumstances. Manfred passes his life among the Alps, a lonely recluse. The magnificent scenery surrounding him inspires him and he seeks to drown his griefs in an intellectual life; thus the higher part of his nature is developed, and the superhuman glamour which overcasts him veils his person with awe and grandeur. Conrad and Lara give vent to their sorrows by daring exploits and brave deeds of warfare. Childe Harold roams the earth and seeks diversion from his woe by revelling in the grandeur of nature and in scenes sacred in history.

Thus, all those who appreciate the greatness of Byron's poetry must realize sadly that the greatest creations of his genius were the offspring of sorrow. K. D. Y.

THE COLONIAL PERIOD IN VIRGINIA.

To us, the daughters of the "Colonial Dames" of the "olden days", every page of Virginia history is dear, and though what we glean from her first years of hardship and trial comes to us through a mist blown about by the winds of old years yet even that is a cherished tradition.

Now and then the veil of uncertainty lifts and we see an adventurous band sail over the sea in search of pearls and gold and land at Jamestown in 1607. Through all the changing years of hope and doubt, failure and success, when faction and strife ran high and Indian treachery was always near, we see the rulers, from the wise and gallant Smith to the false and rebellious Ratcliffe, "not worth remembering but to his dishonor" come and go, vainly trying to hold the reins of government. Like a pall we see starvation settle down upon the colonists; Indian cruelties lose their terrors, famine stares them in the face and the hearts of men turn to stone. They were in the last days of May, 1610, and day by day they strained their eyes to search the far horizon, then turned back, while despair pressed heavily. But help was near, and

Lord Delaware appeared at the very moment when the fleet with the few surviving colonists, was preparing to sail away.

But now Jamestown colony had come to stay and in and out between the threads of history we find a tender, graceful romance woven. We forget the deeds of the noble Delaware and care not for the grim old soldier, Thomas Dale, while our hearts are beating truly to the "old, old story", told by an Englishman to Powhatan's "dearest daughter" in the shadow of the forest trees.

Many changes and reverses passed over the colony and cloudy days would come; but year by year its borders spread; the red-skinned savage moved their hunting grounds back toward the Blue Ridge mountains and other towns and settlements sprang up.

It is to Jamestown, that old historic city, on whose sandy shores the river encroaches year by year and where the sea-breezes blow over the ruined church tower, that our affections turn, and to the narrow streets of Williamsburg and the old plantation homes that stand on the banks of the James and the York. Here it was that the "good old times" held high carnival and Virginia reached the period called the "Golden."

Cooke in his "Virginia," states that probably the most fruitful cause of the sudden development of the first adventurers into lords of society, was the Cavalier invasion after the execution of Charles I. This element was much modified by its blending with the staunch adherents of the Commonwealth, while Huguenot refugees infused a stream of rich, pure blood into Virginia society; as the result of this we have the Colonial character, combining the courtly grace and courtesy of the one with the courage, love of liberty, and determination of the other. Down on the tide-water, mirth ran high and on the old plantations, as well as in the royal capital, there were festivities of every description. Toward the mountains and beyond, the currents of Colonial life ran stiller and deeper and Scotch-Irish, born of Cavenanter blood, rose with the dawn, to hew down forests, build churches and school houses, while German-Lutherans toiled and struggled with many a homesick longing for the "Faderland."

From various old histories, we learn that the society of the tide water was a mixed one. First along the river we find the long-shore men, a merry, roistering race, who lived by the fruits of their nets and seines; then the merchants and small land-holders; the planters who were lords of the land, and the church of England clergy.

Rude log cabins had given place to mansions of baronial splendor and where once trackless forests stretched in wide expanse, smooth and luxuriant lawns sloped gently to the river, while here and there, the sward was dotted with some monumental oak or ancient forest king. Westover, Brandon, Rosewell, Shirley, Carter's Grove and others are not strange to us and ring many changes on the chords of memory. Their owners were men whom generations of gentle ancestry had not enfeebled, nor years of intercourse with refining influences, rendered effeminate. They ruled their estates like the patriarchs of old, were not forgetful to entertain strangers and were inclined to look on life with very optimistic views, when they gazed on their broad possessions and caught the glistening of the sun on the white-sailed barges passing up and down the river. Each plantation was a feudal estate and entailed on the eldest son. In reality it was a little kingdom in itself, with its verdant meadows and luxuriant woodlands; hosts of servants, both indented and slaves, obeyed the wills of their masters and shone with reflected glory. The Virginia planter has had many a gibe cast at his prejudices and peculiarities, but certain it is, that he managed to keep "wrinkled care" from his brow and old age crept upon him so slowly and and reluctantly that it came as a friend, not dimming the brightness of the eyes nor bending the uprightness of the form. Food was plentiful and everything was manufactured on the estate from the shoes which the slaves wore to their clothing and hats. Luxuries came from Europe, and rare and costly were the silks and jewels worn by the fair dames of colonial times, while their lords stored the larders with wines which had imprisoned in their depths the sparkle of Falernian sunshine or drunk in their sweetness on the slopes of southern France. The great iron gates were a fitting entrance to the manor-house with its tall, white pillars and wide, sunny

porches. It was approached by a drive bordered with fantastically cut box-wood trees, while here and there a bed of sweet, old-fashioned flowers lent their fragrance to the breeze. One not accustomed to the harmonious intermingling of simplicity and elegance which was a distinguishing characteristic of colonial homesteads, might have smiled, perhaps, to see upon the porch, a brass-bound bucket of water with the gourd hanging beside it; but he would have found the water cool and have crossed the hospitable threshold much refreshed. These gentry of the old school did not build for fashion nor for show, but for comfort and posterity and considered their tobacco well exchanged if by it they gained the delights of home without the unwholesome glamour and emulation of city life. From the wainscotted hall with hand-carved cornices to the stair-case with its shallow steps and ornamented railing, we see the evidence of the same taste. From Europe the well-to-do planter, brought richly carved furniture, with armorial crestings, pier-glasses, fragil china and rare old folios, while, as if to welcome more warmly to the hearthstone of the new home the Lares and the Penates of the old, the proud, calm faces of courtly dames and gallant cavaliers smiled down from the walls upon the worthy representatives of their race. Liveried slaves obeyed his commands and ran his errands and from his broad-silled windows his eyes travelled over royal grants of land of which, as far as eye could reach, he was sole patentee. His stables were filled with horses of the finest breed and his poultry-yards abounded in cocks of the best fighting stock.

From an old "Virginia Gazette" with its ingenuous motto, "Open to All Parties, but Influenced by none," we take the following notice: "If the Gentlemen on the South Side of James River will meet those on the North at any Place that may be centrical, they can be accommodated for their sum and any number of cocks they think proper."

The planter was a worshipful member of the "House of Burgesses and had laid aside the rough buckskins of the earlier settlers for the ruffled shirts, powdered hair and knicker-bockers of the "cocked hat gentry." Yet think not that he lived in idleness. Large possessions brought large cares

and if they did not weigh him down, he owed it to his manner of life, which though it brought duties, brought freedom and healthful pleasures in greater proportion. His directing eye was over all and the master was loved as well as feared.

His lady was a true "help-mate" and he in turn, like Governor Spotswood, thought that "whoever brings a poor gentlewoman into so solitary a place from all her friends and acquaintances would be ungrateful not to use her with all possible tenderness." The house was her kingdom, is the plantation was her husband's, and well she ruled it, though with no unkind hand. From early morn till the river mists began to rise, she was up and about. Each day brought a round of duties never burdensome to one of her active temperament, but requiring constant care. The plate was to be cleaned, the household linen carefully looked over and mended, and fragrant layers of lavender and orris root laid between the folds. The preserves and comfits, on which she prided herself, must be made; and when the September roses had burst into their full glory of blossom and sweetness, they must be gathered and carried to the still-room. Here, while the sunshine flickered in, she and her maidens picked them over and dropped each perfect leaf into the potpourri jars. All the medicines for her large household must be prepared and the herbs sorted in different packages.

From an old time stained note book written in 1776, we cull the following item. "For making eye water $6.00." With her own hands she cared for the sick and aged slaves on the plantation, knit woolen stockings for the old rheumatic "uncles and aunties" and carried them dainties from her own table. She kept open house and from her hospitable door, no one was ever turned away unless unworthy. Her kitchen with all the secrets of the culinary art, she entrusted to the sable cook, secure that meal time would find her hoard supplied with every dainty the plantation could afford. Fish, fowl, venison, oysters, turtles, loaded the table, with here a mast-fed ham or there an olive-garnished chine, and vegetables in profusion and twenty different kind of sweets to tempt a fastidious appetite. On her fell the care of training her numerous servants and making the household wheels run smoothly. At her belt, hung a silver

chain to which was attached scissors, nutmeg-grater and also a whistle of the same metal, and woe to the tardy servitor whom the shrill sound of the latter did not bring quickly to his mistress's side. Her life was outside and about her and she had little leisure for morbid introspection. Such a woman was Mary Ball, the "Rose of Epping Forest" and she was one among many ; "They looked well to the ways of their households and ate not the bread of idleness." No small wonder that the colonial gentleman thought she served God better in the shelter of her own home, than in the cloister cell.

Winter found the planter preparing to attend the House of Burgesses and he and his family made a triumphal entrance into Williamsburg. Yule-tide logs blazed merrily and all the "beauty and the chivalry" met to tread the minuet in stately cadence to the music of the fiddles. There was laughter and jollity at the old "Raleigh" tavern and at the "Apollo" where Jefferson danced with his "Belinda" and was content. The students and even the Indian proteges of the Honorable Mr. Boyle forsook the learned halls of William and Mary and joined in the joyous revelry. The "Virginia Commedians" disembarked from the "Charming Sally" and for the delectation of colonial society reproduced the plays of Congreve and Shakespeare. Here the knights of the Tramontane Order displayed their golden horseshoes and the dignified members of the "House of Burgesses" transacted their business and defied royal authority to interfere with their rights.

They tell us that the old days are not better than the present ones, that the years have cast a charitable veil over the past. They say too, that the colonial ideal was a false one, that it encouraged pride, unreasonable prejudice, obstinacy, and unnecessary luxury. Granting this, did it not foster in our forefathers the love of honor, which Virginians regard as their dearest heritage, kindly hospitality, generosity, truthfulness and courage? Twice in her history has the flood of war surged over the fair and fertile fields of Virginia. The noise of the captains and the shouting has been stilled however, for many a year. The bitterness of that last struggle is wearing away and in mingled sorrow and pride, for the sake of Colonial Virginia, who made them what they were, we can lay our

hands on the graves of her two noblest sons, George Washington and Robert Lee. MARGARET LANE.

CAMPING-OUT ADVENTURES.

July 21st.–We are all so worn out with the hot weather that we have decided to go to the mountains for awhile to recuperate. Just at the foot of a spur of the Blue Ridge there is a tiny little glen, which is the favorite resort of the people of this neighborhood; and we think that a fortnight's stay there might do us all a world of good. We are to go the day after to-morrow. I, for one, am quite impatient to start, for I have heard such wonderful stories of the beauty of "Fern Glen," that I am filled with curiosity to see it.

July 24th.–Here we are at Fern Glen. We arrived yesterday, and I must say that for once, reality equaled anticipation. As we came in sight of our destination, after a drive of ten miles over a rough mountain road, we all clapped our hands with delight at the prospect before us. To the right lay the little glen, nestling in among the mountains that surround it on three sides, and to the left a beautiful lake, whose clear waters sparkled in the sunshine, as here and there a stray beam made its way in through the branches of the overhanging trees. The glen is bordered on each side by a row of white-washed cabins. The green sward lying between these is smooth, beautiful and as soft as velvet. At one end of the lawn is a pavilion where the young people congregate in the morning to dance, and the old folks to look on and chat. As I passed by this morning I noticed some boys and girls playing cards in one corner, a young man smoking in another, while in a third a young lady and gentleman were evidently engaged in a very sentimental conversation, blissfully unconscious of the fact that a red-headed boy was crouching on the ground behind them eagerly drinking in every word they said. This place seems to be a perfect hot-bed for sentiment, and no wonder, there are so many romantic little nooks round about. It is impossible to take a walk without interrupting half a dozen tête-à-têtes.

July 27th.–I have not had a chance to write any in my diary for two days, on account of callers, so I determined to slip off before breakfast this morning and come down here to the lake where I could be all by myself for awhile. This is the first time that I have been on the lake, for there is a certain young couple here, Miss Browne and Mr. Smith, who seem to think that the boat was built for them alone. They take possession of it as soon as breakfast is over, row away back under the laurel and ferns that border the lake, and there remain, completely hidden from view, till time for dinner. In the afternoon the same thing is repeated. I am ahead of them this morning, though, and I have a great notion to do without my breakfast and stay here all morning just to spite them. As to breakfast, I don't know but that I had just as soon do without it anyway, as to eat on a table that somebody has been sleeping on. Last night we were awakened by a terrible pounding and thumping and the sound of smothered cries and groans, and thinking that robbers must be murdering poor Brother who sleeps on a cot in the dining room, Mother seized the broom and I the pitcher of water (the best implements of warfare we could find on the the spur of the moment), and we both rushed wildly to the rescue. Without waiting to see which was uppermost, I dashed the water upon the struggling mass we found in the middle of the floor, and Mother plied her broomstick vigorously. But finding that the uproar only increased under our attack, and thinking that maybe the wicked wretch had repented of his evil purpose and was begging for mercy, we desisted for a moment, and found to our amazement, that no one was there except my poor brother whose cot had closed up and fallen over with him; there he lay almost smothered by the bed-clothes and completely at the mercy of his would-be defenders. With some difficulty we extricated him from his trying position, and the poor boy decided, that rather than risk the repetition of this accident, he would in the future sleep on the table. The table, by the way, consists of an old door supported by two barrels, so I guess we can turn it over and dine off it without scruples.

July 28th.–Here I am, back in the boat again, and I did not have to go before breakfast, either. My manoeuvres yesterday morning had a magic effect. As I was writing away, I

suddenly felt that I was no longer alone, and looking up I discovered that I was the recipient of the most withering glances cast from the dark eyes of Miss Browne as she stood beside Mr. Smith on the bank. Under this fire of silent scorn I felt all my boasted courage vanish away, and stepping ashore I humbly begged to be allowed to resign my usurped property. But my advances were met by a cold refusal from the irate Miss Browne who haughtily replied that she and James (I did not know it had come to that—but probably it was only to show her superiority to me who had no James) would take a walk on the mountain. They must have found a very charming spot, for they have been going back ever since, much to the delight of all who love the boat. I was so crestfallen at the rebuff I had received that I could enjoy the boat no longer, so went back to the cottage, where I found breakfast just ready. As we all sat with bowed heads while Mother asked the blessing, we were suddenly startled from our devotions by a loud scream, and looking up, saw Mother standing in the middle of the floor dripping with water from head to foot, while the table presented the appearance of having passed through a deluge. At first we thought the place must be bewitched, but from the commotion without we soon learned that our roof had been on fire, and, but for the timely assistance of our neighbors, the house would have burned down over our heads. Just at first poor Mother could not appreciate the neighbors' kindness to the fullest extent, for having been seated right before the open window, the back of her neck had received the full benefit of a bucket of water intended for the roof. I notice that Mother has since changed her seat, and that my little brother keeps one eye on the ceiling (or rather the roof, as we don't boast ceilings) and the other on the window while grace is being said.

The boys are fully persuaded that these mountains are infested with wild animals of various kinds, especially with bears. Last night a dozen young urchins sat around a camp-fire 'till midnight, listening to the blood-curdling stories of some old hunters who were relating their adventures and hair-breadth escapes for the benefit of the company. Before going to bed, my little brother determined that he would no longer risk life and limb by sleeping unarmed in a shed-room which has one

end open right against the mountain-side. The only weapon he could find that he thought would answer the purpose, was an article of kitchen furniture commonly known as a potato-masher. With this under his pillow, Master Johnny thought himself pretty safe. All went well until late in the night, when he was awakened by the approach of stealthy footsteps. Peering out into the moonlight, Johnny saw a dark object gliding slowly down the mountain directly toward his own room, and seeming to stop, now and then, to sniff the air as though an agreeable scent met its nostrils. Fully convinced that the monster intended to make a supper of him, the poor boy lay with chattering teeth, gripping the potato-masher in one hand, while with the other he held the blanket fast around him, to protect himself against the attack. Nearer and nearer the bear approached till, Johnny afterward declared, he could feel its hot breath upon his cheek, but instead of springing at his throat as he had expected it would do, it only glanced at him for a moment, then moved leisurely along, and Johnny soon heard it drinking from the spring beyond the house. Now, Johnny is not usually a selfish boy, but he afterwards owned that he never in his life prayed so earnestly for anything as he did that night that the bear would go by the next house and eat up poor Tommy Lewis and would leave him for the next time, when he devoutly hoped to be somewhere else.

When Johnny awoke next morning, his first question was: "Did he eat him up?" Then in answer to our amazed inquiry as to what he meant, his story was told. We all ran out to see if the monster left any tracks by which he might be followed, but to our great disappointment we could find nothing but some hog tracks. Then the truth dawned upon us. All day long poor Johnny has heard nothing but countless allusions to the farmer boy who could not tell a bear from a hog. To do him justice, however, I think he is very glad, in spite of the teasing, that it was only a hog, and that Tommy Lewis is still alive and well.

Aug. 21st.–To-day we have to bid goodbye to Fern Glen and its charming haunts till next summer, when we hope to return. We expected to stay several days longer, but this morning an accident happened which will compel us to leave

this evening. As we were sitting down to dinner some one pushed the table, and over it went into the middle of the floor, with a loud crash of breaking dishes and rattling silver. When the debris was gathered up, we found that the only thing that had escaped complete destruction was the molasses pitcher. As, unfortunately, people cannot live without eating, and cannot well eat without dishes, we will be obliged to go home.

Mother says there is always something to be thankful for, and this time it is that we will not have the trouble of packing the dishes (except the molasses pitcher which I intend to preserve as a relic) and that we may leave behind our handsome dining table, which I earnestly hope will be turned into kindling wood by the mountaineers before our return.

A DREAM OF WISE MEN.

The night was so dull and close that studying was a thing impossible. A volume of Shaw lay open on my lap, but, in spite of earnest endeavors, I had spent one hour in learning a single page. Rebellious thoughts surged through me against these men whose lives and writings must be crammed into a weary student's brain. The heading of the next paragraph, "Goldsmith's Comedies," stared at me in bold, black letters and was the last straw to break the back of my good humor.

"Oh Oliver, Oliver," I murmured in a sudden outburst of wrath, "why didn't you die before you wrote anything!"

"What! what! you blasphemer?" screamed a falsetto voice in my ear, causing me to start violently, and there in the full glow of the lamp stood the most peculiar of little men, such a wizen, dried up creature, with a face seamed like a frozen apple and a figure bent with the weight of years. His eyes, though, glowed in a dangerous fashion, and the shaking finger which he pointed at me destroyed my composure. At loss for a reply, I sat gazing in open-mouthed astonishment, till the apparation, still spluttering from the first attack now went on with unabated violence:—"Do you realize the enormity of your crime, you

lazy little idiot, willing to defraud the world of the charming writings of Goldsmith, in order to save *you* the trouble of studying them? Ah! I have no patience with you! And, now, recognize in me the Spirit of that "Shaw," doomed to walk the earth as man until students shall cease reviling it. Year after year girls have dragged me further from my celestial home, but this class of '96 has almost destroyed forever my hopes of rest and peace." There was high tragedy in his tones, and I wondered in a shame-faced way, how many hundreds of times I had pulled him back by insulting epithets heaped on the book which he guarded. Soon, however, he recovered and continued in his former uncomplimentary fashion. "You reviling nuisance, come with me and see those men you have been hating, come and feel your own littleness in the presence of those master minds." The dwarf was growing eloquent, and— or was it my imagination?— seemed to be increasing in size and dignity. He strode toward the volume of "Shaw" that had fallen to the ground, pointed to it and said in commanding tones, "Kick it." In spite of the tirade I had just heard, this exactly expressed my sentiments toward the prostrate gentleman, and I willingly endowed him with a far from gentle tap, expecting to see him fly to the four corners of the room. Picture my astonishment then, when the book grew and changed in a swift, terrible fashion, enclosing me, and shutting out the view of the old room, till suddenly I found myself deep "in a dungeon cell." Damp grey walls arose on every side, and from the barred window a few struggling rays of light fell across the figure of a man seated cobbler-fashion on the floor busy making tag laces. Hopelessness was plainly written in every line of the stooped form and in the sad, emaciated face, but a grand patience and fortitude was stamped on the broad brow. A woman and five children crouched in ragged wretchedness in a far corner, and by the worker's side sat a young girl, her wide, unseeing eyes turned upward toward the light. "As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a Den," murmured the dwarf in my ear, but I needed not the words from the once despised "Pilgrim's Progress" to assure me of the identity of this prisoner. Tears

gathered fast in my eyes at the sad sight, and when I had wiped them away the scene had changed.

There now came before my vision a room filled with men, who lolled at ease round a table loaded with wine and cigars. Conversation went smoothly, and puns and gibes flew from mouth to mouth. A man, who seemed to be the leader of this war of words, sat at the head of a table in a raised chair. His crooked figure was decked in full court suit, and his eager, burning eyes glowed in his sallow face. Now and again through his gay banter, ran a decided vein of venom, and I straightway decided this deformed body and sharp tongue could belong to none other than "the wicked wasp of Twickenham." Once when he had shot an unusually rancorous dart at humanity in general, a man who had been standing in the background, came forward through the curling wreaths of smoke, and laying his hand on the speaker's shoulder said, "Right, right, when you think of the world give it an extra lash for me." "What a shame to encourage him in ——" I shrieked in my dulcet tones but was not allowed to finish, for invisible hands caught me up and set me outside a fast shut door, over which the sign of "Kit-Kat Club" was suspended. "I suppose that man was the Dean Swift who wrote those sickening hieroglyphics to 'Stella?'" I asked, when I had gotten my breath. "And if he was, you had better show more respect in speaking of your superiors," growled the dwarf, whose temper was evidently ruffled by the sudden exit.

Wisely holding my peace, I followed in my sullen companion's foot-steps. Soon we entered a theatre and I found myself surrounded by a gayly dressed throng. The boxes blazed with the stars of Peers; great Lords and Ladies flirted on every side. Beneath me Sir Gilbert Heathcote, mighty governor of the Bank of England, sat with his attending satellites. "What is it?" I whispered to my deformed cicerone. He flashed a glance of disgust at such ignorance, then said: "Presentation night of Cato." Those men in the pit are the representatives of Will's Coffee House; over here are the Kit-Kat; those on the right are Lords, and on the left, Whigs; the ——" but he was interrupted by the tinkle of a cracked bell and I turned eagerly toward the stage, soon becoming deeply interested in Juba,

Marcia, Cato, and the rest. I did my duty, faithfully clapping hits that I didn't understand at all, till finally the curtain fell in a wild thunder of applause. The crowd now began rushing in one direction, carrying me with it by main force, and soon halted before one of the boxes. Inside stood a stout man with a genial, benevolent face and shy, awkward manners. He was shaking hands with all, but was evidently hopelessly embarrassed by the congratulations showered upon him. Suddenly like a cyclone some one rushed by me and precipitated himself on the neck of the portly gentleman. "Oh, my dear Jo ! thou hast surpassed thyself, it was glorious! fine!" and I realized that this impulsive person must be the lovable Dick Steele. Raising myself on tip-toe, I caught a glimpse of the two as they left the house. Dick's eyes were shining with triumph at the success of his friend Addison, whose neck he still encircled with a protecting arm.

The dwarf caught me by the dress, and pushing our way through the throng, we once more stood before the Kit-Kat. The lamps illumined with feeble rays the long crooked streets, and I caught sight of a vague figure approaching through the gloom. This person, whoever he might be, took the greatest care to touch each lamp-post as he passed, and once when he missed one, he calmly retraced his steps, touched it and then came on. Arriving before the club he paused, biting his nails in evident indecision. My heart gave a leap as I recognized in this uncleanly individual with snuff-colored suit, big hands, and scorched wig, the writer of that famous classic—"Johnson's Dictionary." The illustrious Samuel was joined by an acquaintance, and they immediately plunged into deep conversation, slowly wending their way toward the Kit-Kat. As the mighty door swung slowly to on them Johnson's voice came floating faintly back—"No sir! why sir, you don't see your way through the question at all, sir!"

The spirit and I now strolled through the foggy night air, halting at last before a large house from which came music and the sound of many voices. This we entered and, preceded by powdered footmen, who struck awe to my unsophisticated heart, were ushered into a drawing room, filled with a crowd of chattering society people. The central figure of one group,

particularly attracted my attention. It was that of a short man resplendent in a suit of "Tyrian bloom," and blue silk breeches; his face was pock-marked and his attention was completely taken up in the management of the sword at his side, and an enormous gold-headed cane which he carried. Now and again he made desperate efforts at conversation, floundered hopelessly and was silent. Something familiar about the figure made me stop and think, when suddenly I grew scarlet, this man was no other than the "Oliver" whom I had been so basely wronging when the dwarf had appeared. The spirit broke in upon my embarrassment, and said in casual accents but with an undertone of malice. "By the way, could you tell me Goldsmith's exact date?" I clutched my hair wildly. O that memory of mine! How I had been cramming dates for examination and now, here in this great emergency, I couldn't for the life of me remember, whether Goldsmith was 1720 or 1728. Racking my brains I stood at loss for an answer, confused by the Shaw sprite's malicious gaze. Lower and lower sank my head with shame, vague sounds flitted around me, till suddenly—I awoke! The clock striking ten broke the stillness of the old room, over which peace reigned supreme. But one terrible thought flashed through me, as I dragged my dazed consciousness back to earth—Bed-time and two more pages of Shaw to learn, while all that remained to me of the past wasted hour, was but, "the shadow of a dream." ALICE PEYTON.

IN CHINA.

"Land in sight," shouted the captain. A great commotion followed as the passengers rushed to the side of the large ocean steamer and strained their eyes to catch the first glimpse of China's shores. It was a relief, after seeing the vast extent of water for so many days, to look upon the gray line just above the horizon.

"Oh, won't we have a delightful time seeing all these queer sights in China?" Mr. Wood looked down with a smile upon the speaker, inwardly congratulating himself that it was

he who was taking his bridal tour with the dainty little person standing by his side. "Yes, dear, but I am afraid that some of the travelling will be hard for you." "Oh, that doesn't make any difference, we will have a good time anyway." Gradually the evening shades hid the land from their view, and the chilling breeze compelled the passengers to withdraw to the brilliantly lighted saloon.

The next morning, all was hurry and confusion. The great vessel majestically neared the wharf, and the gang-way was lowered. Then came a hasty leave-taking of their fellow passengers and Mr. and Mrs. Wood found themselves on the wharf in the midst of a crowd of white and yellow faces. With difficulty, Mr. Wood found his trunks and passed them through the Custom House.

Having decided not to spend their time in the port but in the interior, Mr. Wood secured the services of an interpreter, who soon hired a boat for them.

The boat was divided into four parts. In the prow, which like most Chinese boats was square instead of pointed, was a deck large enough for five or six persons to sit comfortably without fear of falling into the water. Opening upon the deck was a small room, whose ceiling was not quite high enough for a person to stand erect. Two broad seats on either side of the room left only enough space to serve as a passage between the deck and the central cabin. This cabin was arranged for a sitting-room, bed-room, dining-room, and parlor. The furniture although rather scanty, was very suitable, as it consisted of a seat, somewhat larger than a single bed, a table and one stool. On two sides of the room were three small windows, and in the back was a tiny door leading out on a deck, where the boatmen ate, slept, and worked.

With great interest, the two travellers studied all these details, and, having acquainted themselves with their surroundings, they whiled away their time by looking out of the windows. The extreme flatness of the country impressed them. But their attention was attracted especially by the sight of the peasants carrying their burdens on the ends of poles; and of the buffalo patiently turning the wheel by which

water was pumped into the fields, where men, women and children were working knee-deep in the mud.

After two or three days of such travelling, Mr. Wood and his wife found themselves within the walls of a large city. Having decided to remain there several days, they, through their interpreter, obtained the possesion of a landing where their boat might be fastened.

Early in the morning, they set out, full of curiosity and expectation, to see the sights of the city. They soon came to an open space before a large temple. The tiled roof, ornamented with figures of different animals and with idols, sloped down to the four corners, upon each of which was a bell, arranged so as to be rung by the blowing of the wind. Three large doors stood open, as if giving an invitation to all passers-by to come in. Mr. and Mrs. Wood entered, but they were immediately invited to withdraw by a man, whose shaved head and yellow robe showed him to be a priest; but the sight of a piece of silver in Mr. Wood's hand made him forget his religious scruples, and with a smiling face he showed them through the holy place.

In the center of the room was a large figure of Buddha, who was represented as sitting with the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet turned heavenward. His head was covered with snail shells, for according to tradition, Buddha was once seated in the hot sun meditating, and the snails, fearing that the pious man might be injured by this exposure, covered his head with their shells.

Around the walls, idols of every size and description—all hideously ugly—were arranged in rows. Before them were frames, upon which candles and incense were fastened, also stools for the use of the worshippers.

Every now and then a sacred bird flew down upon the rafters, scattering much dust and dirt, which had been accumulating there for ages. The air was so ladened with the fumes of incense that Mr. and Mrs. Wood soon withdrew.

On reaching the open air, their fatigue left them, and they looked about for new sights of interest. Soon their guide pulled them aside, and, pointing to a crowd coming up the street, explained in his broken English that "one piece-ee

boy and one piece-ee girl" were going to be married. This was evidently something of interest, judging from the number of people. The procession was headed by a man carrying a large red umbrella. Following him, were men bearing red banners; and others dragging bamboo poles, almost five feet long. Next came the band playing a melody (?) which sounded like the efforts of a beginner in music playing on a violin which is out of tune. Behind the band, walked men carrying the wedding presents; and last but not least was the large, red sedan chair, in which the bride was securely shut up to prevent her being seen by the curious crowd.

The house of the groom happened to be just across the street from the place where Mr. and Mrs. Wood were standing. As it seemed to be a public affair, they determined to see what they could. As soon as the bride's chair was passed over a pan of burning charcoal to "drive the evil spirits away," the crowd passed into the house, the two "foreigners" following. They went through a large, bare room, with a dirty brick floor, and crossed an open court before they reached the nuptial hall. Here, they saw a strange sight.

On two sides of the room were rows of chairs, separated by small tea-tables. At the farther end of the room was a long table on which were some small dishes containing a few delicacies. A large picture of the God of Marriage hung over this table. In the center of the room, a red mat was placed, upon which the bride and groom stood. The groom was attired in garments of silk, and, being the son of a rich man, he had tried to show his wealth by the variety of colors which he wore—red, yellow, green, purple, and pink. The bride was dressed entirely in red, and wore a thick red veil covering a crown of gilt paper flowers, and hanging down below her waist.

A strip of red silk was extended from the hand of the bride to that of the groom. At the command of the Master of Ceremonies, they bowed to the four points of the compass, prayed to the God of Happiness, and worshipped their ancestors. After this, they were led to the table. The bride, not being allowed to raise her veil, could not eat; the groom tasted a few dainties.

Then they were taken into the sleeping apartment, which was decked in red, and seated side by side on the bed, just below an image of the God of Happiness. The bride's veil was raised, and the newly married pair looked at each other, perhaps for the first time. After a few moments, the groom joined his friends to spend the day and night in carousing. The bride, however, had to remain as immovable as a statue, while she heard remarks about her appearance ; saw her trunks opened and her clothes rumpled up ; and received insults given in every possible way, but she was afraid to speak, laugh, or cry, for fear of bringing trouble on the family in after life.

The on-lookers now left the house to the invited guests, and the two travellers wandered on until they heard a great screaming in the next house. "Oh, some children are begin beaten to death," cried tender hearted Mrs. Wood, wringing her hands. With the thought of rescuing the poor and helpless, they rushed into the house. Much to their surprise, there sat ten or eleven children swaying backward and forward in their seats studying as loud as they could. A little boy was reciting his lesson, with his back turned to the teacher, standing first on one foot and then on the other, and shouting with all his might. Finding their sympathies uncalled for, Mr. and Mrs. Wood beat a hasty retreat.

The increasing darkness and a heavy rain forced them to find an inn, where they could pass the night. After some time, the guide led them to a very uninviting place. On two sides of a large court were rows of stalls, in which horses, donkeys and mules were resting from their days work. On the third side of the court were rooms for the accommodation of travellers. The weary strangers determined to make the best of it and followed the inn-keeper to the room. The bare, mud-plastered walls looked dismal, and the plain brick floor felt hard to feet accustomed to soft carpets. A square table and two uncomfortable chairs were the only furniture besides a large brick bed, built so that fire could be kindled under it in cold weather.

A small and dirty window was the only place from which any one could look outside. Mr. and Mrs. Wood did not

wish it any larger, for one glimpse of the view was sufficient. The rain had made large puddles, in which ducks and geese paddled around and gave vent to their delight by many a "quack, quack, quack."

Having determined to do their best to make things comfortable, Mr. Wood laid the bedding on the bed and hung up the mosquito net, while Mrs. Wood unpacked the lunch. To her astonishment, she found that all the bread was gone. This was a great disaster! Where was she to get more? She set out resolutely toward the tea-shop of the inn in hopes of buying some. There, she found a man making some cakes. She watched him as he kindled a fire in the bottom of a large jar. When the sides became hot, he slapped the cakes on and left them to bake. When they were done, Mrs. Wood bought some and returned in triumph, only to find that they were so tough that they could hardly be eaten.

That night was a miserable one, and the donkeys and stray cats seemed to vie with each other in trying to make the night hideous.

As the next morning was rainy and dismal the tourists lost their courage and were soon in their boat on the way back to the port, where they could find better accommodations.

NETTIE DUBOSE.

[Paper No. 1.]

MARDI GRAS IN THE CRESCENT CITY.

By Louise Stubbs, Monroe, La.

Those ten or fifteen days before Lent are celebrated by festivals of various kinds in three cities of the States, namely: Mobile, Alabama; St. Louis, Missouri; and last New Orleans, Louisiana. The city last mentioned seems to take more interest in this celebration than the other two cities.

The festivities of Mardi Gras proper are merely the culmination of a series of entertainments.

The first of these is the Bal des Roses which takes place a week before the Carnival.

The Argonauts begin their merry-making with tourney and chariot racing. The Atlanteans give their ball Tuesday evening. Thursday evening Momus gives a ball, in costume, with tableaux. Monday preceding Mardi Gras Day, Rex comes from some mysterious realm in the Orient in his royal yatch, to visit his winter capital, the Crescent City. This yacht is accompanied by ten or twelve steamers, crowded with people, and made lively with bands of music. It is supposed Rex is taken aboard the vessel at the Jetties. The fleet returns to the city and the landing of Rex and his retinue is made on the Levee at the foot of Canal Street, amid much cheering of the people, whistling from boats, locomotives, and factories, and the firing of guns.

The King is met by many City Officials and prominent citizens, who are known as Dukes of the Realm and so form a part of the royal court. The Dukes wear citizens' clothes and their only adornment is a badge of gold with its showy stones and jewels. The lines of march, which are up and down Canal Street, up and down St. Charles Avenue, and down Clio, are decorated with tens of thonsands of Carnival flags and colors.

Amid the playing of martial music the procession moves on; Rex of course, comes in the first car, his royal keys occupying the second, and the third; one of much larger size, and very gorgeous, contains beautifully dressed women who represent the favorites of the harem.

At the City Hall, the Duke of the Crescent City, who is the Mayor, welcomes Rex, and gives him the keys and the freedom of the city. From here Rex disappears, it is supposed, to his palace.

The Krewe of Protens holds its parade Monday evening. Their subject this last year was "Dumb Society and some of the floats were droll indeed.

There were in this parade twenty floats which represented all animals and birds that are in the world, in charge of the Government.

Tuesday morning Rex makes his appearance again, leading the Rex Procession.

The subject of these gaily colored floats was the Heavenly Bodies in which all the planets were represented.

The Comic Procession was on Tuesday evening. Its subject was "The Year."

In this procession we were shown illustrated pictures of the Seasons, and the months of the year.

Time was the name of one of the cars which pictured to us Father Time with hour-glass and scythe, seated on a globe which represented the world. About were grouped the wise men, one with telescope, one with books and another with Atlas, etc.

Winter was another pretty car. It represented everything covered with ice, a scene of the far north, for there were the Esquimaux dressed in their furs, and polar bears were here and there seen prowling round the icebergs in search of food. The different months showed the fruits and flowers and grain that matured at that time.

Mardi Gras is gotten up by the Mystic organizations of the citizens and a very expensive celebration it is too.

[Paper No. 2.]

COTTON RAISING IN LOUISIANA.

How many of my more northern sisters have seen on the stalk in the fields that fleecy staple called cotton? If you have never seen it thus, I shall try to describe the cotton fields of one of the plantations in far-away sunny Louisiana.

The time for planting cotton is in the beginning of Spring, and, early in the morning the hands, as the laborers are called, must rise, for at six o'clock, the second bell rings for all to go to work.

The mules are harnessed and off the men go to do their plowing and harrowing. When night comes on, the hands leave their implements which they have used either in the turn rows or in some unfinished furrow. After all the fields are thus broken up, the planting begins, which takes some little time. The

planters are followed by men and women, who, with hoes, cover up the furrows.

Then for awhile the planted fields are left undisturbed. As the tiny stalk begins to come up, the "choppers" are kept very busy trying to keep the grass down, until the cotton is matured.

With us cotton grows quite high, from three to eight feet. When the leaves have all fully developed, then the cotton blooms begin to show themselves. They are of a delicate shade of yellow or of pink. The bloom lasts only a short time.

Can any one imagine a prettier sight, than an immense field of cotton stalks with their tender leaves and blossoms covered with the early morning dew? When the blossoms have faded, then the boles of cotton form, and it is not later than the fifteenth of September, when first the negroes go down these same rows with very large bags over their shoulders to pick these balls of snow from their stalks. Each stalk averages at least seven boles.

Late in the afternoon, all the cotton pickers take the cotton picked on that day, to the field-cotton-houses where it is locked up.

As soon as a sufficient quantity is gathered, the big wagons haul it to the gin house, where it is first seeded, then cleaned, then ginned. From the gin it comes out a great snowy sheet.

This is carried from here to the baling room, where it is baled, weighed and rolled to the storage sheds.

These bales are then hauled to the railway, which is about half a mile distant, in large farm wagons, and placed in cars and shipped to the towns where it is compressed, after which it is placed into cars again and goes to New York or New Orleans, thence it is shipped by steamer to Liverpool, England, to the large cotton mills where it is made into fabrics.

SCENE IN A DENTIST'S OFFICE.

BY EVELYN DAVIS.

As I entered the waiting-room of a dentist's office not long ago, I saw two gentlemen sitting facing each other, engaged in earnest conversation. One was an elderly gentleman, the other quite young. The latter rose and offered me a seat near the stove, which was gratefully accepted, for I had had a cold drive of ten miles.

On a sofa near me sat a nurse with a baby asleep on her lap.

Listening idly to what the gentlemen were saying, I soon discovered that they were Presbyterian ministers. They talked of Presbytery, Synod, their respective charges and upon many like subjects. Then they discussed their method of preparing sermons, the various theological works which they found useful, as well as many doctrinal treatises. I was much interested in the mysteries of the preparation of a sermon. But as they went deeper into theology, my interest grew less, owing to my ignorance of the subject.

My attention, however, was now drawn to another quarter; the baby woke and began to cry. Looking round, I saw that the nurse was doing nothing to quiet the child. Some one else saw it, too. The younger minister, (Mr. Smith, I shall call him,) was growing very fidgety, and was casting anxious glances in the direction of the sofa. Mr. Jones talked serenely on, apparently unconscious of the infant's existence. Mr. Smith took advantage of each pause to say to the nurse: "Bessie, I think you would better bring him nearer the fire;" or, "Bessie, walk him a little." Bessie was quite obedient, but her young charge refused to be comforted. Meanwhile, Mr. Smith was making desperate efforts to be interested in Mr. Jones' conversation, but plainly could not be. Finally, his paternal affection got the better of his politeness, and he rose to

take the youngster into his own hands, causing Mr. Jones to leave his discourse unfinished.

It happened that just as Mr. Smith said, seriously: "Come to papa, John," John stopped crying; his reverend father looked as triumphant as if he had won a kingdom. He took the baby in his arms very carefully, and, seating himself, tried several positions before he found what he considered the proper one for holding a baby.

No sooner had he got settled than Mr. Jones leaned over and said, in a condescending tone: "Do you know me, little man? Let us see if you will come to me." He took silence for consent, and Mr. Smith reluctantly handed the small bundle over to him, remarking that John was sometimes afraid of strangers. Mr. Jones replied that all children took to him, and dumped the baby down on his lap, supporting him with his knee only. He said that he often exchanged pulpits with the pastors of neighboring churches, and their children, of all sizes and ages, seemed quite fond of him. Mr. Smith then mentioned a minister, not far from where he lived, who had four girls and no boy, and consequently, was jealous of him. He seemed to think it quite natural that he should be.

They mentioned several preachers whom I knew, surprising me very much by calling them simply Brown, Davis, and so on; I had never heard that ministers spoke of each other in that familiar style.

After a little while, Mr. Smith again possessed himself of the precious bundle, on pretence that Mr. Jones must be tired of holding him.

At length, Mrs. Smith, who had been in the dentist's chair all this while, came into the waiting-room, and the interesting party went away. I shall always think of Mr. Smith, whom I afterwards discovered to be a cousin of our own minister, as the personification of parental pride.

FROM HARVEST SEASON.

SCENE I.

Last summer, wearied of city life, I determined to go and spend a few weeks on "our plantation," as I called my uncle's home, in King William county. So I packed and went. It was just about harvest time and some of the scenes were so beautiful, I should like to attempt a description of them.

One morning, after searching in vain for the guinea's nest, I went up stairs to write a letter to mother. Seating myself in my favorite nook, the window, I began. I had scarcely written three lines, before, raising my eyes to ascertain the cause of some slight noise below, I beheld one of the lovliest pictures that Nature has ever painted. Directly below me, a large green yard, dotted here and there with large old oak and locust trees, presented itself to view. Beyond, the yellow wheat stretched itself out as far as the eye could reach, while at each gentle breeze, it would rise and fall as a great yellow sea. The expanse was only broken by a narrow road, down which a milk-maid was going, a bright pan balanced on her heàd and one in each hand. As she went, I could faintly hear her cry of "Co boss, co boss, co-co-co !", while on a branch near me, I could more distinctly hear the click, click, click, of a golden winged wood-pecker. Over the barn the sun hung like a large ball of fire, while an occasional low would reach me from some stray cow. Lulled by these sounds I finished my letter to mother.

SCENE II.

Last night uncle said: "To-morrow we shall begin threshing." O, with what joy we children received that news! For what is more delightful than threshing time to children? The next morning they commenced. "Hands" were gathered from north, south, east and west. I could get the best view from the window in which I had so often sat and watched the wheat, so I once more betook myself to my window seat. The morning was fresh and beautiful, and the round black faces of the

darkies shone in pure delight as they showed rows of ivory from ear to ear when they smiled and remarked what a good day's work they "was gwine to do for Mars Jack." The wheat which had been waving and nodding in the sun a few short weeks ago, was now scattered around the fields in small bundles. In the middle of the field a large threshing machine was puffing and blowing and above its sh-sh-sh, the song of the darkies was wafted upon the air. The "hands" would untie the wheat and gather it into heaps, which carts would carry to the threshers. My curiosity soon led me down, and, going close to the machine, I tried to see what process the wheat went through, but all I could find out was, it went in wheat and came out straw and grain, so without bothering my brain about it, clambering to the top of the carts, I drove off, and according to the number of falls I had, it is a wonder I live to tell this story.

EFFIE AUDENRIED LACY,
Richmond, Va.

"THE MYSTERY OF SPRING."

What a wonderful change has come over the old earth! Only a day or two ago the trees stood naked with their bare arms stretched piteously toward the sky as if entreating her to hurry the preparations for clothing them. Now they are covered with the daintiest lacy leaf-dresses and nod to one another smiling proudly, each vieing with her neighbor in freshness and beauty. See that little peach tree! She knows she is the fairest of them all, and blushes a rosy pink at the consciousness of her own loveliness; but when she grows a little older she will become accustomed to the fact, cease blushing and don a more modest garb suited to her summer's work.

The birds have all been taken by surprise and are flying hither and thither in a most distracted way trying to finish their nests, so that the little ones may be hatched by the time the very warm weather comes, and then, the housekeeping over, they can enjoy the rest of the summer just as they please.

Under the blanket of leaves in the corner of the old fence, there has been a stirring and turning and now out peep the sweet baby faces of the lilies-of-the-valley, smilling and fresh as the soft warm air touches their cheeks with its motherly kiss.

The blue-eyed violets had grown very tired of their dark underground nursery and when a little sunbeam, their playmate of last summer, came to the door and begged them to come out, they answered plaintively, "The door is locked and we can't get out." "That's no matter!" little Sunbeam replied, and in a minute he turned the key and out the little maids ran with the merriest laugh, shook out their dainty perfumed skirts and began to sing and dance with him.

* * * * * * * *

There sat in the vine-covered porch, an old man with silver locks, and a maiden whose modest eyes were just beginning to look out upon the world through the new light of womanhood. The two gazed before them in silence at the hills, kissed by the rays of the evening sun. The glad spring time with all its beauty had entered into the heart of each, beginning its wondrous message. To the girl it gave that strange feeling of longing and unrest so hard to understand, which Chaucer tells us so "pricks" the hearts of the little birds that they cannot sleep. What is its meaning? Who can explain it? This is the answer which the old man gave when she asked him the question. "What is the reason, he repeated," that when we see the world wakening to new life all around us, our hearts are stirred with a vague unanswered longing? Shall I tell you what it means to me? 'Tis the longing after life eternal, the God-implanted instinct which tells us that there is a new life and a higher, that this is not all. Oh my child, it is to me one of the strongest proofs of immortality! It tells me truly that "we shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump" and "shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

J. Hullihen.

DAS LIED VON DER GLOCKE.

Dieses schöne Gedicht ist unvergleichlich, weil es in einem so kleinen Umfange solch einen weiten, poetischen Kreis eröffnet. Es besteht aus kurzen, trochäischen Stanzen, in welchen der Glockenguss beschrieben wird, nnd je nach einer solchen folgen die Reflectionen in längeren, jambischen Versen. Das äussere Gewand stimmt vortrefflich mit der schönen Weise, in welcher der Guss der Glocke und die bedeutenden Verhältnisse des Lebens geschildert werden, überein.

All die verschiedenen Versfüsse, die Alliterationen und der innere Reim werden zur Verschönerung und Ausbildung des Gedankens im Gedicht gebraucht, und sie verstärken die Bilder des Lebens, welche die Arbeit in ihren einzelnen Momenten begleiten.

Schiller hatte solch eine hohe Idee von der Wichtigkeit der Arbeit, er war selbst immer beschäftigt und dachte, dass Jedermann mit Ernst und Eifer wirken sollte, denn ,,Arbeit ist des Bürger's Zierde.''

In dem Meister dieses Gedichtes sehen wir einen idealen Mann, er ist fleissig, edel und gottesfürchtig, denn er unternimmt Nichts ohne Gottes Hilfe anzuflehen. Er ist auch ein Mann der Handlung, er muntert die Gesellen auf zu arbeiten, und ,,Wenn gute Reden sie begleiten, Dann fliesst die Arbeit munter fort.''

Die Glocke ist zu allen Zeiten des Menschen Freundin, sie jauchzt mit den Frölichen und trauert mit den Leidenden. Die verschiedenen Stadien der Arbeit werden in Verbindung mit der natürlichen Reihenfolge der Ereignisse des Lebens dargestellt. Die Vorbereitungen zum Guss verknüpfen sich mit der Entwicklung des Menschen.

Die Glocke begrüsst als Taufglocke zuerst das Kind auf dem ersten Gange des Lebens, wenn es in die Gemeinschaft der Christen aufgenommen wird. Schnell wächst das Kind heran, und wir sehen den stolzen Knaben, da er das Mädchen

und seine Heimat verlässt. Doch später, nachdem er zurückgekehrt ist, fasst ein Sehnen sein Herz, und nun beginnt die goldene Zeit der ersten Liebe. ,,O, dass sie ewig grünen bliebe.''

Bald ladet die Glocke mit reinen und vollen Tönen zu dem Hochzeitsfest und nun endigt die schöne Zeit der Sorglosigkeit.

Wir sehen die glückliche Famile ; der Vater, der wirkt und strebt, um das Glück zu erlangen, und seine Wirksamkeit wird durch kurze Verse eindrücklicher gemacht. Der gebrochene, jambische Vers ,,Und ruhet nimmer,'' stellt die unaufhörliche Thätigkeit der fleissigen Mutter dar, die so weise im Hause herrscht.

Wenn der Guss beginnt, muss man sehr vorsichtig sein, denn leicht zerbricht das glühende Metall die Form und setzt das Haus in Flammen. Diese Gefahr erweckt den Gedanken dass, wenn der Mensch zu stolz auf sein blühendes Glück ist, das Verderben oft schnell hereintritt, und hier zerstört das Feur mit furchtbarer Wuth all seine Habe. . Die Sturmglocke läutet, man versucht zu löschen, doch umsonst, hilflos sieht er seine Werke untergehen. Diese lebendige Beschreibung der Feursbrunst wird durch das immer sich verändernde Metrum verschönert und vergrössert. Alles ist so natürlich, dass wir beinahe die roten Flammen sehen und die Balken krachen hören können. Nun sendet der Vater noch einen Blick ,,nach dem Grabe seiner Habe'' und findet nur einen Trost, all seine Lieben sind ihm geblieben.

Später kommt ein grösseres Unglück. Die liebe Mutter stirbt. Wie die Form der Glocke gefüllt und in die Erde aufgenommen wird, so wird eine andere Form mit schöner Hoffnung in den Schoss der Erde geborgen, und wir hören die Todtenglocke, wie sie den Wanderer auf dem letzen Wege begleitet. Mit dem Verkühlen der Glocke kommt die Ruhe und man hört die Vesperglocke schlagen. Es ist die Erntezeit, der Wagen kommt herein mit Korn beladen, und die jungen Leute gehen zum Tanze.

Schiller zeigt den grossen Kontrast zwischen dem ruhigen Leben des Bürgers, dort wo die Regierungsform wohlgeordnet

ist, und dem Krieg und der Revolution, wo Grausamkeit und Schrecken herrschen, so dass selbst „Weiber zu Hyänen" werden. Diese Beschreibung erinnert uns an die französische Revolution mit all ihren Greuel.

Die Arbeit ist vollendet und wie ein goldener Stern

„Aus der Hülse blank und eben,
Schält sich der metallne Kern."

Der Meister und die Gesellen weihen die Glocke taufend :

„Concordia soll ihr Name sein," und sie soll die Leute zur Eintracht versammeln. Dann wird sie mit grosser Kraft aus der Gruft gehoben, so dass sie Freude der Stadt bedeute, und.

„Friede sei ihr erst Geläute."

ELIZABETH PEARSALL.

EIN VERLOBUNGSRING.

Ein Fussgänger, der eines Abends durch die Strassen einer grossen Stadt ging, sah im Laternenlicht einen kleinen, goldenen Ring auf dem Pflaster liegen. Er hob ihn auf, steckte ihn, ohne lang zu überlegen, in seine Tasche und eilte nach seiner Wohnung, denn er war müde; hatte er doch den ganzen Tag schwer gearbeitet. Als er sich zur Ruhe begab, legte er seinen Fund auf den kleinen Tisch neben seinem Bette, mit der Absicht denselben morgen früh der Polizei auszuhändigen.

Wie erstaunte er, als der Ring nach einem Weilchen zu ihm sprach : „. Weisst du, dass ich, ein wohlfeiles Ringlein, eine interessante Geschichte erzählen könnte." „Gern möchte ich hören, was du zu erzählen hast," erwiderte der Angesprochene.

„Nun wohl," begann der Ring. „ich bin nicht immer ein vernachlässigtes Ding gewesen ; ich habe auch fröhliche Tage gesehen. Ein Schönerer nimmt jetzt meinen gerechten Platz ein—ein Reif von Diamanten und Perlen umschliesst den

schlanken Finger, den einstmals ich so bescheiden geziert habe.

An der Elbe steht das alte Schloss der stolzen, edlen Herren von Bamberg. Der letzte Eigenthümer besass nur eine Tochter, ein reizendes kleines Mädchen, die der Liebling und die Lust der Eltern war. Die feinen Züge, das rosige Antlitz, das lockige, goldene Haar gaben Versprechungen von künftiger Schönheit. Ihr Gespiele war der Sohn des Pastors, der in der Nähe des Schlosses wohnte. Moritz war ein selbstloser Knabe, immer bereit seiner kleinen Freundin zu helfen und sie zu schützen. Viele Stunden verbrachten sie in gemeinsamen Spiel und da sie älter wurden, studierten sie mit dem milden Pfarrer im gemüthlichen Pfarrhause. In schönem Wetter wanderten sie zusammen an dem Ufer des geliebten Flusses, oder durch die herrlichen, alten Wälder, um die Natur in ihrer Schönheit und Pracht zu studieren. Jede Blume des Feldes und Waldes kannten sie; zahlreich waren die Kränze, die gewunden wurden, um die blonden Locken des Mädchens zu schmücken. Beide besassen schöne Stimmen und den ganzen Tag konnte man ihre fröhlichen Lieder hören. Sie vertrauten einander ihre Träume und ihre Hoffnungen an. Seine Gedanken richteten sich mehr auf die Pflichten des Lebens, dessen Ursachen und Wirkungen, des Mädchens Träume gingen auf Schönheit, auf Vergnügen der Welt.

Da er Medezin studieren wollte, musste er fünf Jahre lang die Universität besuchen. Ernestine weinte bittere Thränen, als ihr theuerer Freund sie verliess. Während Moritz in Leipzig blieb, besuchte Ernestine eine modische Pension und wurde immer schöner und klüger, aber auch vergnügungssüchtiger.

Endlich in die Heimat zurückgekehrt, begegnete nicht das kleine Mädchen seinem früheren Spielkammeraden, sondern eine schöne Dame, die der junge Arzt kaum erkannte. Nicht Freundschaft allein war es, die aus seinen blauen Augen strahlte, die eine warme Röthe ihr auf die sanften Wangen brachte. Er war immer seiner theueren Freundin treu geblieben, aber der Anblick dieser bezaubernden Jungfrau bewegte ihn wie die kleine Gespielin es nie gethan hatte.

„O, zarte Sehnsucht, süsses Hoffen,
Der ersten Liebe goldene Zeit."

Obgleich sie bald bemerkten, wie weit ihre Zukunftspläne auch jetzt auseinander gingen, so nahm doch ihre Liebe täglich zu.

„Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab'ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen."

Er konnte ihr nichts, als ein liebendes Herz und einen beschützenden Arm bieten, und Ernestine wusste dies. Doch die Liebe war mächtiger dann, als die Vergnügungssucht. Sie verlobten sich und ich wurde ihr zärtlich an den Finger gesteckt. Wie gern erinnere ich mich jener glücklichen Zeiten, da ihre kleine Hand in seinem warmen festen Griffe lag, und ich den süssen Reden lauschte. Oft in den Träumen der Schönen wurde ich von den rothen Lippen geküsst.

„O, dass sie ewig grünen bliebe,
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe."

Ein reicher Vetter kam bald darauf zu Besuch aufs Schloss, ein gewöhnlicher Mensch, weder gut noch schlecht–einer, der keinen Zauber für Ernestine hatte, ausser seinen Reichtümern. Ihre Schönheit entzückte ihn. Er bot ihr seine Liebe und seine Güter an und sie—wurde ihrem Verlobten untreu. Auf die Probe gestellt, war der Eigennutz mächtiger als die Liebe. Als die Frau des Reichen konnte sie Alles geniessen, das in dem kleinen Dorf unmöglich war. Trotz der Bitten und der Verzweiflung des Jugendfreundes wurde ich von dem Finger genommen und ein schöner Ring von köstlichen Juwelen nahm meinen Platz ein.

Bald verliessen die jungen Eheleute das Schloss und reisten nach dieser Stadt, wo sie seitdem gewohnt haben. Sie fanden alle Vergnügen, die Geld kaufen konnte, aber mit jedem Jahre wurde Ernestine unzufriedener. Unter der Eitelkeit ihrer Natur lag etwas Tieferes, etwas, das der eitle, weltliche Gatte nicht befriedigen konnte. Sie wurden einander müde. Er ver-

nachlässigte seine Gattin und Ernestine lebte einsam und elend, in Reue und Kummer.

Eines Tages, da sie mich unter ihren schönen Kleinodien bemerkte, schmerzte sie der Gedanke, dass sie die Liebe solch eines edlen Mannes verachtet habe, so sehr, dass sie mich aus dem Fenster aufs Pflaster hinunter warf Ein Kind fand mich und trug mich stolz bis heute Abend, da es mich beim Spielen verlor. So geschah es, dass du mich weit von Ernestinens Wohnung aufhobst.

Aber Moritz' was war aus ihm in diesen langen Jahren geworden? Seine verratene Liebe zerstörte sein Leben nicht. Längst hat er Ernestinens Bild aus seinem Herzen vertrieben, aber nie hat er eine andere geliebt. Seine Hoffnungen sind erfüllt—ein Leben voll Arbeit und Nützlichkeit führt er, geliebt und geachtet."

Der Schläfer wachte plötzlich auf. Sein ganzes Leben war an ihm in einem Traum vorübergegangen! Der helle Sonnenschein zeigte ihm das Ringlein auf dem Tisch. Er nahm es in die Hand, betrachtete es sorgfältig und fand zu seinem grössten Erstaunen innen die Inschrift „M. an seine E." Es war der Ring, den er Ernestine am Verlobungstage gegeben hatte!

Wurde der Ring je der Polizei ausgehändigt? Begegneten sich Moritz und Ernestine je wieder?

JOSEPHINE LOEB.

ÉTUDES SUR CHATEAUBRIAND.

"LE MAURE ET L'ESPAGNOL."

Il n'y a pas de contraste plus marqué entre deux caractères que celui que nous trouvons en comparant Don Carlos et Aben-Hamet. Tous deux avaient hérité de leurs nobles aïeux leur valeur, leur courtoisie, et leur générosité, mais la vie et le milieu de ces deux hommes étaient si différents, que nous ne discernons d'abord en eux qu'un seul trait commun: le patriotisme, qui forme la base de toutes leurs actions.

Quoique né exilé, la dévotion au pays de ses ancêtres et la noble soif de vengeance sur le peuple qui les avait chassés de leurs foyers jusqu'en Afrique, avaient été inculquées dans son esprit dès son enfance. Cet amour de la patrie était l'étoile dominante de la vie du jeune Maure, parce qu'elle faisait paraître tous les plus nobles traits de son caractère, tandis que sa vie de soumission forcée calmait ses passions plus violentes. Aimant mieux une vie tranquille que l'excitation d'une cour, il avait passé son enfance et sa jeunesse traversant ses montagnes natives, admirant les beautés de la nature. Cette manière de vivre, quoiqu'elle n'eût pas diminué son courage ou sa fierté, lui avait donné une douceur qui était étrangère à la nature de Don Carlos.

La vie de ce jeune Espagnol, entouré dès son âge le plus tendre de guerres et de dangers, avait rendu un caractère naturellement austère, trop grave et rigide. Toute son existence avait été passée parmi des scènes de cruauté et de détresse; les malheurs qu'il avait soufferts avaient fortement ébranlé son imagination forcément religieuse et mélancolique, et avaient changé sa dévotion en fanatisme.

Sa haute conception du devoir ne lui permettait qu'une vie d'abnégation entière, sacrifiant tout à sa patrie et à son Dieu. Cependant son amour pour son pays et son peuple n'avaient pas rétréci ses vues, mais les avaient plutôt élargies. Il était prompt à admirer tout ce qui était réellement noble et généreux, même dans un Maure, et fit à Aben-Hamet le plus grand

honneur en l'armant chevalier, afin de pouvoir combattre honorablement avec un si digne ennemi.

Néanmoins, même si nous ne pouvons refuser notre sympathie à l'homme, nous ne sommes pas certaines que nous puissions l'aimer autant qu' Aben-Hamet.

ABBY MCFARLAND.

"UNE JOURNÉE EN ESPAGNE AVEC CHATEAUBRIAND."

Après avoir lu "le Dernier Abencerage" par Chateaubriand, nos impressions sur l'Espagne sont si vives que nous semblons être transportés à cette époque et nous avons comme une connaissance personnelle de l'Espagne et de ses habitants.

Fermons done nos yeux pour quelques instants, imaginous que nous vivons dans ce temps et partons pour ce charmant pays. Nous avons passé la nuit au kan et de bonne heure nous partons pour commencer nos explorations: le jour est parfait et la vue magnifique. Grenade, entourée de montagnes couronnées de vieux chateaux au lointain, forme en verité un ravissant tableau. Mais notre attention est bientôt attirée par la foule que nous voyons autour de nous. Il y a des représentants de toutes les classes de la société.

Voici un chevalier sur son beau cheval, son costume nous intéresse beaucoup : il porte un haut-de-chausse de buffle et un pourpoint de même couleur. Sur ses épaules est un manteau de soie et son chapeau à petits bords est orné de plumes; l'éperon d'or résonne à ses hautes bottes.

Voilà une jeune femme: sa jupe courte et son corsage sont noirs, son visage est presque caché par une mantille de dentelles. Puis nous entendons le son des sonnettes et nous voyons les mules qui montent lentement la colline, transportant des voyageurs. Parmi eux est un jeune Maure qui porte une robe de pourpre, son turban est surmonté par une aigrette. A son côté nous voyons son cimeterre dont le fourreau est brodé par des mains de femme.

Quand ces gens se rencontrent, ils ne disent pas comme nous "bon jour" ou "bon soir," mais au lieu ils prononcent le nom de Dieu, de Seigneur et de Chevalier.

Nous sommes loin de notre kan, quand un orage survient et nous sommes obligés de chercher refuge dans une maison voisine. L'hôte nous reçoit avec la politesse grave et naïve des Espagnols, car ils sont très hospitaliers envers les étrangers. Nous sommes impressionnés par la loyauté qu'ils ont pour leur religion. Aux murs nous voyons des tableaux de saints, et même pendant l'orage l'hôte fait le signe de la croix et dit ses prières.

Bientôt les domestiques servent des rafraîchissements qui consistent de chocolat, de petits gâteaux, et de fruits.

L'hôte qui parle avec l'éloquence naturelle de son peuple nous entretient de l'histoire et du caractère des Maures, les anciens habitants de cette ville.

Une chose qui nous surprend beaucoup pendant notre séjour est le peu de curiosité que les Espagnols manifestent; on ne nous questionne pas, mais on nous traite, comme si nous étions des amis.

Tous les sentiments élevés sont aisément compris par eux; mais quoiqu'ils soient généreux et bons, quand on a gagné leur confiance, leur vengeance est aussi terrible, quand on les trahit. Prèsque à chaque pas nous voyons leur galanterie et leur respect pour les femmes.

Avec beaucoup de regret nous quitlons notre aimable hôte et nous retournons à notre kan, fatigués, mais enchantés de l'Espagne et de ses habitants.

ISABEL FOSTER.

"CATHOLIQUE OU CHRÉTIENNE?"

Qui est cette belle inconnue, qui, accompagnée par un page, portant un livre d'église, et par deux varlets, est prête à se rendre à la prière matinale?

Vêtue à la manière des Espagnoles d'extraction noble, Dona Blanca, car c'est elle, s'arrêtant devant Aben-Hamet, montre toute la grâce et la beauté d'une véritable femme. Mais, quel est son charme? Est-ce son teint éblouissant, ses grands yeux, ses cheveux noirs et luxuriants? Oui, mais il y a plus: c'est l'âme d'une femme vertueuse qui illumine ses yeux et son visage. Élevée dans la religion de sa famille, elle est une fer-

vente Catholique, mais voilà la question qui nous intéresse: est-elle chrétienne?

Avec quelle vivacité, quelle simplicité elle reçoit l'étranger et s'offre à le conduire au kan! Comme elle l'enchante par sa conversation, et ensuite disparaît soudainement, laissant son âme ravie et son coeur plein d'amour pour la "belle houri."

Nous suivons facilement les pensées de Blanca. Le chevalier, si étrangement rencontré, l'a vivement impressionnée, et chantant au son de sa guitare elle se le représente comme le dernier des Abencerages.

Dans la seconde entrevue avec Aben-Hamet elle montre ses charmes plus encore; nous entendons sa voix ravissante, nous voyons ses mouvements pleins de légèreté et même sa coquetterie nous ne diminue pas sa force d'attraction. C'est dans le sanctuaire du temple de l'Amour, parmi les ruines de l'Alhambra, que le Maure lui déclare sa passion. L'aime-t-elle? Écoutez! "Ma folie pour toi passe toute mesure, mais, Maure, retiens bien ces mots; "Musulman, je suis ton amante sans espoir; chrétien, je suis ton épouse fortunée." Oh! la force, la sureté, la constance d'un coeur chrétien!

Si aucun de mes lecteurs doute de la sincérité, et de l'ardeur exprimées dans ses derniers mots à l'Abencerage, qu'il songe seulement à la scène finale et se figure la crainte, l'amour, le désespoir qui agitent le coeur de cette noble femme, quand elle découvre que son amant est l'ennemi de sa famille; qu'il considère les mots de Blanca, "Retourne au désert;" ces mots qui détruisent son bonheur et sa vie; qu'il pense à cette âme héroique, qui reste seule, ne se plaignant jamais de sa vie ruinée, ne questionnant jamais la justesse des décrets de Dieu, et puis qu'il se demande, si elle était chrétienne.

CARLOTTA KABLE.

"L'ALHAMBRA."

En lisant "le Dernier Abencerage" par Chateaubriand ce sont les grands bâtiments et l'architecture des Maures surtout qui ont attirés mon attention; je vous invite à visiter avec moi l'Alhambra, ce monument des rois des Maures, une rélique

de la puissance évanouie d'un grand peuple. En nous éloignant de Grenade nous suivons une longue rue d'abord, qui aboutit à l'enceinte extérieure de l'Alhambra.

A première vue nous ne remarquons qu'une agglomération de tours et de créneaux sans régularité de plan, ni grâce d'architecture, mais en entrant, comme nous sommes surpris par la beauté qui se dévoile à nos yeux.

À la porte on voit deux on trois vieux soldats tout déguenillés. Quels tristes successeurs des Abencerages! Un d' eux s'offre à nous montrer la forteresse. Nous acceptons ses services, et bientôt nous traversons un bois d'ormeaux. D'un côté nous voyons les tours de l'Alhambra, de l'autre les Tours vermeilles, appelées ainsi à cause de leur couleur rougeâtre. Passant par cette avenue nous arrivons à l'entrée principale de l'Alhambra. Dans une muraille flanquée de créneaux une porte appelée la "Porte du jugement" s'ouvre devant nous.

Nous avançons dans un chemin étroit. Nous sentons profondément l'isolation et l'abandon de cette place et c'est pendant que nous regardons des lieux comme ceux-ci, que nous réalisons comme tous les ouvrages des hommes sont condamnés à s'écrouler et à périr. De là tournant vers le nord, nous nous arrêtons dans une cour désertée, notre guide frappe à une autre porte et nous sommes transportés, comme par magie, dans un autre temps: nous voyons devant nous un royaume oriental. Des portiques, des galeries, des canaux de marbre blanc bordés de citronniers et d'orangers en fleur, des chambres vastes décorées d' arabesques élégantes et au pavé de mosaïque, des cours où coulent des sources rafraichissantes s'offrent à nos yeux. Nous faisons d'abord le tour de la salle des "Mésucar" où nous voyons de belles fontaines bordées de roses. Puis nous pénétrons dans la célèbre "cour des Lions." Aucune partie de l'Alhambra n'est plus magnifique que celle-çi et nulle autre n' a souffert si peu des ravages du temps. Au milieu s'élève la fontaine célèbrée dans les chansons et les contes; ses eaux sont recueillies dans une conque d'albâtre où se reflète un ciel d' azur. Les douze lions qui la supportent et qui donnent le nom à la cour sont encore là, comme dans les jours des Abencerages.

Mais le soleil vient de se coucher, et il nous faut quitter ces régions enchantées. Espèrons que l'avenir nous offrira l'occasion de parcourir en réalité ces lieux que nos lectures nous ont fait tant chérir.

MARY B. REYNOLDS.

LES ROSES ROUGES.

"Et pourquoi préférez-vous les roses rouges à toutes les autres fleurs?"

Un jour de printemps en 1870 j'étais sur la terrace de l'hôtel Bellevue à G. Deux étrangers étaient assis près de moi et d'abord je ne m'étais pas intéressée à leur conversation, puis les mots cités éveillèrent mon attention et tout en tenant mon livre, je ne pouvais m' empêcher d'écouter.

Celui qui parlait était un jeune homme de vingt-cinq ou vingt-six ans. L'homme, à qui il adressait sa question, s'approchait de la quarantaine, je l'appellerai Monsieur B— et j'espère qu 'il ne sera pas fâché, s'il voit que je me suis si bien rappelé son récit.

"Et pourquoi préférez-vous les roses rouges à toutes les autres fleurs," continua le premier, "est-ce pour leur beauté, leur parfum, ou quelque doux souvenir?"

"Eh bien! mon ami," répondit Monsieur B—, "c'est pour cette dernière raison, et si vous avez le temps, je vous conterai quelque chose qui s'y rapporte. Le voulez-vous?"

"Mais, certes! Continuez!"

"Vous savez que j'ai été soldat dans la guerre de Crimée et que je fus blessé au siège de Sebastopol J'étais dans un des hôpitaux, ma blessure était grave, mais néanmoins je recouvrai rapidement. C'était le premier jour que le médecin m'avait permis de m'asseoir près de la fenêtre; nous étions en avril, les fleurs "brillaient sur leurs tiges," les oiseaux chantaient, et toute la nature semblait se réjouir avec moi de ma guérison. Quelques semaines auparavant, j'avais été au milieu des com-

bats, et dans mon imagination encore les balles sifflaient, les canons tonnaient et les bombes éclataient.

Je me perdais dans de telles pensées quand la porte s'ouvrit et donna accés à une jeune fille vêtue de blanc. et, qui, après mes sombres réflexions, avec lesquelles elle formait un si grand contraste, me semblait belle comme un ange, avec de grands yeux bleus, des cheveux d'or, et un visage si pur et si doux. En me parlant elle me donna une belle rose rouge de la corbeille qu'elle portait, et, avec un sourire aussi radieux que la rose, elle me dit, "Voici, Monsieur, l'emblème de votre patrie!"

(Je l'ai encore, cette rose.)

Tous les jours elle répétait sa visite, et j 'appris par ma garde–malade qu'elle était la fille d'un médecin anglais, Monsieur Chalmers, qui avait suivi l'armeé. Après chaque visite je comptais les heures jusqu'à la suivante; jamais je n 'avais osé lui parler de mon adoration, mais je pense qu'elle avait déviné mes sentiments et j'étais content d'avoir les choses ainsi.

Imaginez mon désappointement, quand un mois plus tard j'entendis que Monsieur Chalmers était parti subitement avec sa famille pour l'Angleterre. Mon état de s nté s'en ressentit, je me désolais dans ma solitude et le médecin m'avisa de voyager.

Après plusieurs mois passés en Algérie et au Maroc, je me trouvai en Italie et le premier journal anglais que j'y achetai contenait l'annonce du mariage de Mademoiselle Caroline Chalmers avec Lord Sewell. Je n'ai pas lu les détails. L'annonce me suffisait ! La jeune fille que j'adorais en sécret s'était mariée.

Depuis ce temps la blessure du coeur était mille fois pire que celle du corps ; je devins plus irritable, plus nerveux que jamais, et je vous assure que tous mes amis me trouvaient insupportable.

Toute une année s'écoula entre ma sortie de l'hôpital et mon arrivée chez moi à Londres. C'était en plein juin et partout on me fit entendre que Lady Sewell était la beauté régnante de la saison.

Un lundi soir que la grande cantatrice Jenny Lind allait chanter au Hay Market, supposant que Lady Sewell serait là,

j'avais un désir irrésistible d'y aller, car je voulais la voir encore une fois. Avec peine je m'étais procuré une stalle d'orchestre, toutes les places étant prises d'avance. Mon regard fit le tour de la vaste salle sans découvrir Caroline. Enfin un ami m' indiqua la troisième loge à droite comme celle de Lady Sewell.

Mais! Quoi! cette dame était belle, en vérit, mais elle n'avait pas la beauté angélique de ma Caroline. Y en avait-il deux?

La cantatrice chanta mieux ce soir, dit–on, qu'elle ne l'avait jamais fait, et tout le monde applaudit avec enthousiasme, mais quant à moi, je ne sais même pas le nom de l'opéra qu'on représentait, j'étais tout bouleversé. Le jour suivant je rencontrai Lord et Lady Sewell, mais je n'eus pas l'occasion de parler de Caroline.

Deux semaines après ils m'invitèrent à un bal donné en honneur de leur cousine, j'y allai; il y avait foule et j'essayai longtemps en vain de m'approcher de mes hôtesses. Enfin je me trouvai près d'elles. Imaginez mon étonnement en voyant Caroline Chalmers, ma bien–aimeé 'à côté de sa cousine Lady Sewell. Elle portait une robe de quelque étoffe luisante et blanche et dans sa main elle tenait un grand bouquet de magnifiques roses rouges.

C'est inutile de vous dire mon bonheur.

Qu' il vous suffise que pendant l'été encore elle mit sa main mignonne dans la mienne; en me donnant une rose rouge elle me dit de la garder avec l'autre! Je le fis, et maintenant à chaque anniversaire de notre jour de noce, la maison est toujours décoreé de roses rouges. Elles me rappellent constamment la première fois que je vis ma Caroline et aussi ce mémorable soir aprés notre longue séparation. C'est pourquoi je préfère les roses rouges à toutes les autres fleurs.

MARY O. HAW.

THE ANNUAL

— OF —

The Mary Baldwin Seminary.

VOL. VI. STAUNTON, VA., MAY, 1896. NO. 1.

EDITORS :

KATHERINE YOST.

ALICE PAYTON. NANNIE MCFARLAND.

ABBY MCFARLAND. CARRIE CRAWFORD.

NETTIE DU BOSE.

The Annual of '96 has changed its name; it is no longer "The Augusta Seminary Annual," but "The Annual of the Mary Baldwin Seminary." Of course, this is due to the fact that the name of the seminary has been changed, and it gives us great pleasure so to announce it to the world. Although the Augusta Female Seminary was known everywhere as "Miss Baldwin's School," yet we think it a very beautiful tribute to our beloved Principal that the popular name has been confirmed by the trustees. Miss Baldwin has devoted her whole life to the work and it is very appropriate that the school for which she has labored so faithfully should bear her name.

Another change has been made in the Annual; it is no longer edited by the literature classes alone, but by all the composition classes, the French and the German, as well as the English.

We have received this year a very interesting copy of the *Lewisburg Female Institute Magazine.*

NEWS FROM OLD GIRLS.

Marie Louise Rouse visited Mary Houston at her home in Salisbury, Maryland, during the month of April.

Carrie Atwater and Grace Young attended the Atlanta Exposition.

Jesse York is pursuing a course in Expression at the Boston School of Oratory.

Pauline DuBose, our bright and shining light of session '94–'95 is a Missionary to China. She is to be married sometime this summer. Accept our heartiest congratulations, Pauline.

Steward Letford has moved to Atlanta, Georgia.

Louise Barclay Edwards is distinguishing herself as an artist in Birmingham, Alabama.

Reba Metcalf nee McNeil, visited in Staunton for two weeks during the early part of this session.

Lucy Sheffield and Helen Winston are at Miss Carey's, in Baltimore. Helen expects to graduate this year.

Grace Davis visited Nell Symms at her home in Waco, Texas, last Christmas.

Eugenia Armstrong is teaching elocution in the Stephenson Female Seminary in CharlesTown, West Va.

Eleanor Preston spent several days renewing old acquaintances in the Seminary. She is taking the medical course at a college in Philadelphia.

Sue Hamilton returned to Staunton after spending a most delightful winter in Huntsville, Alabama.

Ruth Treadway was married last July to Mr. Joseph Whitehead.

A recent letter from Irene Taylor announces the arrival of Lulu Mathews in Pine Bluff. She is to visit old school-mates.

Frances Douglass is attending school in Columbia, South Carolina.

Annie Riddle visited her sister for several days this spring. We were glad to welcome Annie back into our midst.

Mamie Dyer, after spending half of the winter in Staunton, returned to her home in New Orleans.

Reports say, that both Edith and Gertrude Crump are married.

Maggie Belle Roller is teaching French and German at a Seminary in Ft. Defiance.

Bessie Smith is a missionary to Ling Ching Pu, China.

Luella Styles Vincent, of Stephensville, Texas, is becoming famous as a composer of sheet music, operettas and dramas.

We were grieved to hear of the death of Ethel Gibson, in Washington.

. Louise Flournoy was married to Mr. Larsche of Alabama, last fall.

Sallye Hamilton is teaching at Midway, Va.

Florence Hastings and Mary Winston are in Washington at school.

Nell Foster is in Richmond, having been summond there on account of the illness of her father.

Jeannie and Lucy White are visiting in Georgia.

Lucye Felder spent her holidays with Marie Saunders. Marie spent part of the winter in New York.

Mary White is teaching in the family of Mr. Lincoln of Chicago. She is to travel in Europe this summer.

Invitations have been received announcing the marriage of Lou Gratton Robertson to Dr. Graham of Charlotte, North Carolina.

Helen and Lillie Bridges visited their sister Rebecca during the months of April and May.

Ellen Pancake visited in Baltimore during the month of January.

Annie G. Allen is much improved in health, and expects to spend the summer in New York.

Leila Morgan returned to Staunton and will finish the course in Instrumental music.

Page Nelson's voice is attracting a great deal of attention in Georgia. Several notices have been received concerning her success.

Mattie Gilmer was married last June. She is one of the girls who "could never be persuaded to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony."

Lou Goffigan Hendrick, formerly of Cape Charles, is now living in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Margaret Dills and Annie Hawkins, spent the winter quietly at their respective homes.

Stella V. Wright was married last December to Mr. Hawes.

Louise Forsythe has been visiting Florence Roney and Julia Alexander the past few weeks.

Nannine Waller, Livinia Peek and Florence Cabell were called home by the death of their fathers. The Annual extends its heartfelt sympathies.

Letitia Scott is spending the year in Washington.

Mollie Maslin is very much improved in her health. She has been spending the winter quietly at Hartford, Connecticut.

Margaret and Sallye Lane made their début in society last fall.

Of the three Maysville girls, only one remained at home this year. Suzanne Hall is at Ward's, Lida Rogers is studying music at the Conservatory in Cincinnati, Laura Thomas is the lady of leisure.

Annie Singleton is at the State University of Louisiana.

Nola and Olive Braman are having a quiet time at their home.

Fay Kearby is to visit Belle Lanier and Mattie Wheatly this summer.

Charlotte McCullough called upon us in April.

RHYME AND REASON.

THREE GIRLS.

I.

Three girls went tripping up the stairs,
Up the stairs, as the clock struck nine ;
Each in her hand a candle bears,
Likewise some crackers, cheese, and wine ;
For girls must eat, and teachers must sleep,
So up the stairs they softly creep,
Though punishment comes with the morning.

II.

The teacher sat by her bed-room door ;
And she trimmed her lamps as the girls crept by;
She looked at the clock, and her wrath boiled o'er,
And she heaved a sad and mournful sigh,
For teachers must rule, and girls obey
Though rules be hard and girls be gay,
And punishment comes in the morning.

III

That teacher in her office stands
In her office stands, on Saturday bright,
And the girls are weeping and wringing their hands
Grief-stricken o'er their feast, last night,
For girls must weep, and teachers must scold,
If rules are broken by girls too bold,
And punishment comes in the morning.

STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE.

I.

"Strike, strike, strike."
O, clock, with thy nickel gong,
Every morning just at six
Thou singest thy little song.

II.

O, weal to the Baldwin girl
Who, 'till seven can sleep every morn!
O, woe to the Baldwin girl
Who has to arise at the dawn!

III.

But if she should dare to sleep
'Till "Pa Time," arriveth at seven
On Saturday, for sad "corks" she'd write
"Unabridged" from nine 'till eleven.

IV.

So wind up your clocks, dear girls,
And set them to "go off" at six,
For if you neglect this matter
You'll be in th' afore said fix.

Olive Nuckolls.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

Minerva S. "There's such a charm in melancholy, I would not if I could be gay." (?)

Helen B. "Nature to all things fixed the limits fit."

Nettie D. "Immortal heir of universal praise."

Edna G. "The *style* is excellent."

Effie L. "Knows *positively* something otherwise unknown to man."

Dora C. "Me and the butterflies."

Nannine W. "Linked sweetness long drawn out."

Carrie C. "May sweet perfumes and flowers ever cling about the darling child."

Lucilla B. "Thou resembleth a ghost, upon my word, thou art so emaciated."

Elsie H. "Not dictatorial; oh no, but just inclined to have a partiality for chaperoning."

RESULTS OF AN ACTUAL VOTE:

Prettiest girl in school—Daisy Yarbrough.

Smartest girl in school—Mary Haw.

Most popular girl in school—Carrie Crawford.

Most accomplished girl in school—Bettie Pearsall.

Most stylish girl in school—Edna Glover.

Handsomest girl in school—Rebecca Bridges.

LIBRARY OF
MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE LIBRARY
3 3764 00127 2758